

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 14, 1939

WHO'S WHO

PAUL L. BLAKELY, lead-off man for this week, delivers an analysis of present streamline propaganda and a comparison with the old-typed bludgeoning of the pre-Great-War days. . . . JOHN P. DELANEY, follows with a lively discussion on propaganda from abroad and its intended effects. . . . GERARD B. DONNELLY comes up third, fresh from a visit to the Senate Chambers, spectator of the debate judged by some, in advance, to be historic. . . . LESLIE E. DUNKIN diverts our minds from a troubled world. He comes from a family of Ministers. He was licensed in 1914, and ordained in 1919 as a Baptist Minister. But in March, 1938, entered the Catholic Church at South Bend, Ind. He has written extensively for the Protestant and secular press. We welcome him heartily to the Catholic press. . . . ANNE RUSH RILEY, of Dawson, Neb., and MARY E. McLAUGHLIN, of New York, N. Y., each make cogent, yet concealed, calls to action. . . . THE POETS: Bridget McNamara, strictly authentic, adds: "even an Irish washerwoman has her poetic moments"; Walter M. Bastian is from Washington, D. C.; Sister M. Miriam, Dallas, Pa., will soon publish her first volume of poems; Walter J. Ong resides in St. Louis, Mo.; Sister M. Francis Gabriel, in Grosse Point, Mich.; Gertrude Ryder Bennett, of Brooklyn, N. Y., recently published *Etched in Words*, most favorably reviewed.

NEXT WEEK: Fulton Sheen, with the first of two articles on *Are Their Faces Red?*; John LaFarge on Moscow's official atheism; and Helen Walker Homan, postponed from this week, regretfully.

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COMMENT

POPULAR polls indicate that Father Coughlin is listened to by several millions of Americans every Sunday afternoon. The larger radio chains have refused to sell him time on their networks. Nevertheless, smaller and local radio stations have continued thus far to carry his addresses. Millions manage to hear him over these local stations, sometimes with difficulty. Many more people desire to hear him but are unable to do so. How long these listeners will be permitted to hear Father Coughlin is a question now being posed by the officials of the National Association of Broadcasters and by interested officials in Washington. There are good reasons to believe that they are trying to use the Code adopted at the N.A.B. Convention held in Atlantic City last July, "to put Father Coughlin off the air." Turning the radio dial to listen or not to listen to Father Coughlin is a free act of an individual. Approving or disapproving of Father Coughlin's discourses is, likewise, a personal affair. But every American must object when a group of radio directors and petty bureaucrats undertake to decide for local stations and for American citizens what speakers they are not permitted to hear. The question at issue is not the opinions of Father Coughlin. The question, as we have stated before, is the attempt of radio dictators and Government officials to suppress the right of free speech. In these hours of crisis, that right is of incalculable value.

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AMONG the many valuable services offered us today by the radio, it would be difficult to imagine one more practical and consoling than the privilege of being permitted to fulfil one's obligation of hearing Holy Mass on Sunday, as was granted to Spaniards in Red zones during the War. According to Nemesio Otaño, S.J., National Radio Director of Art Programs in Spain, the Spanish Government Radio broadcast a *Missa Cantata* every Sunday during the period of the civil war for the benefit of the people in Red territory who were deprived of the privilege. The program lasted approximately three-quarters of an hour, including a ten-minute sermon particularly adapted to the needs of the people in the zones where spiritual ministry no longer existed. A splendid choir of forty voices rendered the music. When this broadcast Mass was brought to the attention of the late Holy Father, he spontaneously granted to the radio listeners, who otherwise could not attend Mass either because of lack of priests or of persecution on the part of the Red Government, the unique privilege of being allowed to fulfil their Sunday obligation in this manner. The extraordinary consolation this concession afforded was attested by thousands of people, when the Red zones were finally liberated. The fidelity of the people to the radio Mass was all

the more remarkable when it is remembered that the Red Government imposed the severest penalties on all who were caught listening in on any Nationalist broadcast, not to mention a program of religious services.

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OPPORTUNITY is again knocking at our nation's door with the turning of South and Central American nations toward our industrial markets. Europe—especially Germany and England which have seized the lion's share in South American trade—is unable in war times to supply these countries' needs. These nations are once again seeking satisfactory trade agreements in the United States. Our industry is thus given another chance to make good, after having lost much of this business due to our tactless, take-or-leave-it policies. Chile, Brazil, Ecuador, even Argentina, have already made overtures. It is plainly up to our American manufacturers and industrialists to give satisfaction if they wish to hold these markets. South Americans say quite openly that they prefer our goods from a stand-point of quality. The question then reduces itself to one of price and exchange. No nation, as any economist knows, can maintain foreign trade where a trade balance favors preponderantly either party. If the United States wishes to maintain the present advantage in Latin-American markets, it must encourage and stimulate importation of their non-competitive products to provide a suitable monetary exchange with which to pay for our goods.

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FORTUNATELY or unfortunately the question of the arms embargo is not in itself the big question. It has become a symbol of something much bigger and more important, a symbol of peace or war. To a large majority of the American people, retaining the embargo will be a victory for the determination to keep out of war; the lifting of the embargo merely the first step to war. This is not emotional thinking. The American people are justified in thus symbolizing the debate. The men who call for repeal of the embargo are the men who all year long used every means in their power to pledge us to war against the aggressors, on the side of England and France. They are the same men who tried so valiantly to lift the embargo to insure Communist success in Spain. They admit that the main reason for lifting the embargo is a desire to help England and France. Without being experts on the subject, the majority of the American people are intelligent enough to realize that you cannot take positive steps to help one side in a war without being drawn into the war. It is not the actual repeal of the arms embargo that presents the greatest danger. It is

the will of the men who want it lifted. It is the meaning of the lifting of the embargo. It is the fact that the change is a positive and deliberate action in favor of the Allies, a not too carefully disguised act of war against Germany.

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THE present Neutrality Act as it stands is far from fool-proof. It permits American ships carrying contraband of war to sail in dangerous waters. England and France and Germany claim the right of war to stop that contraband in one way or another. The proposed new act, even aside from the question of the arms embargo, is far from satisfactory. There is a big loophole in the ninety-day credit clause that was proposed. There is another loophole in the loose determination of the danger zone. Once Congress shall have declared the will of the American people to stay out of war by refusing to lift the embargo on arms, perhaps it will be possible to enact the only neutrality law that seems to promise any success in avoiding entanglement: an act that would retain the present arms embargo and place all other goods on a strict cash-and-carry basis, expressly stating that the cash feature may not later be changed to credit, not even to a ninety-day credit.

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THIS Review carefully refrained from expressing any opinion as to the probable outcome of the Red-Yankee imbroglio. Our sport expert had it all figured out down to the last blast at the umpires, but he maintained an attitude of Strict Neutrality, Mum's the Word, and felt insulted that the Yanks and Reds should presume to fight it out even after he had already made up his mind about the matter. That was conceit on their part. He was adopting, this expert of ours, the strictly democratic policy that only a few experts in the nation were qualified to offer a reliable judgment on the complicated question of Red Ruffing's sore arm and Wally Berger's stubbed toe. It is, of course, a strange sort of democracy that tells a man that he should not have an opinion; that, if he unfortunately has one, he should blushing hide it away like a secret sin; that he must have blind faith in the leadership of the one or two qualified experts of the nation. To the ordinary citizen, it sounds suspiciously like dictatorship. He wants to ask why we should have a Congress if we are to leave everything to the infallibility of a few experts.

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WHY should the experts appeal to a "mandate of the people," if the people are not supposed to be intelligent enough to give a mandate? Finally, why should we bother to have costly elections at all, if it is conceit on our part to think we should have a hand in guiding the policy of the public servants we elect? What is the meaning of all this talk about "the will of the people," if it is criminal to have a will, much less give expression to it? If you agree with the will of our one or two experts, you become automatically the will of the intelligent American

public, accepting the responsibility of democratic government in guiding the activity of freely chosen representatives. If, however, even in overwhelming majority, you differ with the experts, you are an ignorant minority, incapable of intelligent judgment, exerting conceited pressure on the one or two experts. More than that, it is sinful to seek enlightenment from the experts. It would be traitorous lack of faith so to embarrass them by asking questions. The experts are always right . . . like Hitler. Incidentally, our expert on sports has not yet told us which team he picked. We would not believe him, even if he told us. He's an expert!

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THE cries of American youth to be freed from the clutches of demon rum have again reached the all-hearing ears of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union. Something must be done to save our young people from the mire of sottishness into which they are stumbling. It will be remembered that it was the W.C.T.U., along with similar organizations, that brought Prohibition down on our heads and the host of subsequent evils. They told the country in those pre-Prohibition days that, if liquor were removed from the nation's grasp, the police could lock up the jails, close police stations, and retire to private life. Our Prohibition experience taught us quite the contrary. Never was crime of the vilest kind more rampant, never drunkenness more prevalent, never did young boys and girls succumb earlier to the evils of intoxication. Reports from college deans and high-school principals clearly evidence that drinking is not a growing problem today. Young people, we are informed, consider it *passé* to indulge intemperately in hard liquor. A New York debutante spent the evening at one of the most fashionable night spots sipping milk. But even were the liquor problem becoming increasingly serious, the remedy does not lie in taking liquor away from the rest of the nation. Where needed, local restriction will adequately handle the situation. Then too, impish perversity of youth will find a way to effect a return of the evil conditions we witnessed during the "noble experiment" days. What youth needs more than anything else is a sustaining moral motive for its good conduct. Morality is engendered by religion. But, unfortunately, we have eradicated religion from the school curriculum, and the result is that our young people have no support to sustain them in the hour of need.

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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC COLLEGE POLL will be undertaken by AMERICA on October 24. The questions will be concerned with American entry into a European war and with the attitude to be taken by college men and women with regard to possible participation. College men would be the first to serve in such a war; college women would be the first expected to offer their services. Our college youth have convictions. These convictions, just now, are of tremendous value. We seek their expression through a countrywide poll.

THE OLD WAR PROPAGANDA AND THE STREAM-LINE MODEL

How to make a people "war-minded"

PAUL L. BLAKELY

TWENTY-TWO years ago, just after we had fallen into the net spread for us by the fowlers from England and France, a mild-mannered clergyman climbed into his Brooklyn pulpit. I am not sure that he is living, and as I do not wish to abash him, I shall withhold his name, but not the theme of his sermon on that day. Here it is:

All God's teachings about forgiveness should be rescinded for Germany. I am willing to forgive the Germans for their atrocities just as soon as they are all shot. If you would give me happiness, just give me the sight of the Kaiser, von Hindenburg and von Tirpitz, hanging by a rope. If we forgive Germany after the war, I shall think the whole universe gone wrong.

Now this clergyman, up to this time, had lived in fields of peace. He had published some three or four limp-leather booklets of perfectly darling little essays, and a volume or two of sermons, with most of the texts taken, I believe, from Longfellow. As far as his congregation knew him, this clergyman was as mild as a cooing dove. But he had seen some pictures which represented German soldiers carrying Belgian babies transfixed upon their bayonets, and his coo turned into a roar.

His congregation was not startled. Some of the older ladies in the flock even thought that their pastor had pulled his punches. For they, too, had heard about the Belgian babies.

"One of the strongest arguments against war," wrote the late Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J., Editor of the *London Month*,

is that it necessitates a systematic spreading of falsehood in order to circumvent the enemy. The enemy must be painted absolutely black and accused of every imaginable cruelty, as a monster outside the pale of human consideration. If this is not done, the hateful work of killing and of being killed would be impossible.

It is a tribute to the innate decency of the majority of men that they hate war. They do not like to begin a war, and once it has begun, most of them do not volunteer for service. They must be scourged into the ranks by the Government. This is no reflection upon their patriotism but, rather, an indication of their good sense. They dimly realize that the war has been caused by the blunders of statesmen who continue to blunder, a hundred miles and more back of the lines along

which human beings, fathers with children at home, young men with mothers and sweethearts whom they will never see again, serve as the targets for high explosives. Few wars would flare up if statesmen were required to go out at the first call. Fewer would continue, were they put in the front ranks.

To delude a people, and to make them receptive to the idea of "the hateful work of killing and being killed," we need war propaganda, or "the systematic spreading of falsehood." To create propaganda, we need, first a man to whom persuasive lying is easy, a literary board to give his tales plausibility and polish, men of high station who will stamp the product with their names, and channels through which the finished article can be brought to the public.

Every new war marks an advance in the art of preparing and releasing propaganda. A long war affords valuable experience, and a propaganda machine (usually styled "The Bureau of Public Information") which begins with tales that would hardly mislead little Jack, age three, frequently ends with romances which deceive jurists and historians of the standing of the late Lord Bryce. Twenty-five years ago, propaganda of a crude type flooded the United States, but since we Americans are probably the most gullible and sentimental people in all the world, it had remarkable success. Nameless outrages upon little children and upon religious women in Belgium were reported. Photographs which even to this day are circulated, I am told, among perverts, were given "in confidence" to editors, clergymen, teachers, lecturers and writers to enable them to show that the German soldiers in Belgium and France were men utterly lost to all decency. I remember glancing over a sheaf of these horrible pictures, but even to my untrained eye they did not seem genuine. Later I learned that some had been taken during the Russo-Japanese war, and that others were deliberately "posed."

I am sure that many readers of this Review, who had arrived at manhood in 1914-1915, will recall that shocking campaign. In its first phases it was clever enough to deceive Lord Bryce and his collaborators, who issued a lengthy account of

atrocities in Belgium, some two years, I think, after the war had begun. We now know that practically every one of these frightful stories was "a systematic spreading of falsehood." The result in this country was that many Americans of German descent were all but ostracized, even before we were dragged into the war, and that after April, 1917, others were the victims of attacks by mobs.

As the war continued, the tone of this propaganda changed. The Belgian babies were shelved, and we were flooded with appeals to protect the rights of small countries, and to save the world for democracy. That these appeals had their effect, even upon Congress, can be seen by an examination of the *Congressional Record* for the early months of 1917. Senators Lodge, Fall and Brandegee, all war-shouters, held the floor, while Senator Stone, of Missouri, and the elder LaFollette, of Wisconsin, struggled for a hearing which they did not always get. The cry was "Trust the President," and when LaFollette declared that the so-called "Armed Ship Bill" was nothing but a scheme to protect our unneutral traffic with Great Britain in arms and food stuffs, and that England's violations of American ships were far more numerous than Germany's, he was denounced by not a few of our largest newspapers as a traitor. I have wondered if good old Irvin Cobb has not often regretted his widely-circulated story, *The Thunders of Silence*, in which he pictured a thinly-disguised LaFollette as a cheap publicity-seeker, ready to endanger his country, to find food for his vanity.

Once the boys had been gathered in camps to prepare them to save democracy for the world, the tone of the propaganda changed again. I subjoin a specimen which I found on a yellowed clipping stamped *Financial America*. The year, 1917, is penciled on the margin, but I cannot give the exact date of publication.

Gradually but surely the perception is gaining ground among the American business public that our participation in the war and our sharing in its sacrifices would be a spiritual blessing to the country.

This perception is evident in statements by an increasing number of business men throughout the Union. The nation is becoming keenly conscious that profits and material prosperity, attractive though they be, are far less to be desired than the vindication of righteous principles and the maintenance of justice and self-respect; that war, with its sacrifices, is preferable to wealth, when the latter means loss of honor and a decadence of the individual and national moral fibre.

The immortal Pecksniff himself could not have done better.

It should not be necessary to observe that any propaganda which is a deliberate misstatement of fact, made with the intention of deceiving, is immoral, and cannot be justified, even to promote a just war. It is not true that "all is fair in love and war." When propaganda is not only a misstatement of fact, but is intended to stir up hatred of the enemy, it sins on another ground. "But I say unto you: love your enemies." To hold that lying, slander and hatred are perfectly proper in the conduct of a war is simply to affirm the immoral prin-

ciple that a good end justifies the use of immoral means. Poisoning the water-wells is one form of immorality; poisoning men's minds with falsehood and hatred, is another.

That we shall be deluged with atrocity stories, as we were twenty-five years ago, is improbable. In the event that some are peddled about, it will be safe to reject, summarily, about ninety-nine per cent of their contents, reserving one per cent for investigation. More probably, the propaganda prepared for export to America, as well as the domestic article, will be based on alleged moral and religious grounds. Certainly, no civilized man can approve the principles which dictate the conduct of Hitler and Stalin; hence, it will not be difficult to plead that it is the duty of the United States to supply money and armies to bring these men and their principles to an end.

In these pleadings, the dictum of Pius XII, "nothing is gained by war," will be passed over, along with the obligations of this Government to the American people. It may be well to remark, in connection with this type of propaganda, that the necessity of a call to a crusade may safely be left to the common Father of Christendom, Pius XII, the one supreme spiritual authority in a world made arid by the rejection of religion.

This propaganda, then, will probably summon us to a holy war against totalitarianism in Europe. But it will also, I am confident, deftly insert the suggestion that in preparing for the crusade, we can reopen our factories, decrease unemployment, and amass a goodly sum of money. That suggestion, indeed, has already been advanced.

LOST TO GOD

SPEAKING in Trinity Church, New York, last month, the Rev. Bernard Iddings Bell concluded: "Come weal, come woe, we Christians must secure the re-introduction of God into American education." I wish there were others who, with Dr. Bell, understood that as long as nine out of every ten American children are trained in schools from which the teaching of religion is excluded, we shall "go on year after year with most of our children lost to God."

No one who realizes the value of good citizenship can look upon that condition with equanimity. It is impossible to overrate the value of religion as a maker of good citizens, and as religion falls good citizens become fewer.

Dr. Bell comes out squarely for the support of religious schools by the States. They are doing the State's work, "doing it better than godless schools ever can." They are supported in England and Ireland, Dr. Bell observes, and he might have added the Province of Quebec. In stating that the teaching of religion "as a subject" is not enough, but that the school must "teach every subject with a God-ward point of view," Dr. Bell agrees completely with the Church's philosophy of education. Education is not education unless its soul is religion.

JOHN WILTBYE

WE FIGHT IN THEIR WAR? WHY?

Religion is not yet a clear and cogent issue

JOHN P. DELANEY

ONLY an eel with the head and nose of a bloodhound could be expected to follow the twisting trail of war propaganda. It must twist and turn endlessly for it is intended to find its way to the hidden doors of mind and emotion in a discouraging variety of men. Once beyond those doors, the trail straightens out and leads directly to war. Its very contradictions are an asset; and it would seem to be slowly wearing down war resistance.

For the propagandists, the Russian angle has helped rather than complicated matters. For the people still innocent enough to have faith in Stalin, the course is simple:—Stalin is putting one over on Hitler. In all his moves so far he has outwitted that master mover. He has checked Nazi Baltic ambitions; he has checked Hitler's plan of a united frontier with Rumania. He stepped in at the right moment to keep Hitler from gobbling up all of Poland and the Ukraine beyond. In the division of Poland which he forced on an unwilling Hitler, he has taken advantage of German conquest to garner unto himself the oil lands of Poland. He has cleverly left to Hitler the millions of subjugated Poles who are bound sooner or later to make Hitler regret his conquest. He has broken the axis by alienating Italy. He has forced an alliance on Japan and obliged that unhappy country to limit her attentions exclusively to China. He has strengthened the cause of England and France, and only awaits the propitious moment to declare his open friendship for the Allies. All the world knows that Hitler cannot trust his new-found friend. The world knows that the alliance has shaken Hitler at a moment when he needs his steadiest nerves. All that is needed now is a fast blow struck by America; and Hitler, the scourge of liberty and democracy and religion, will be no more; and Russia and England and France can devise a new and more devastating Versailles.

But there is another side to the propaganda. For Catholics and all seriously interested in the rights of religion, the approach is varied. At the outset, it seemed as though the appeal to save democracy might be a dud. It was thrown out, nevertheless, hesitatingly, tentatively. Strangely, it is still good bait, and more and more of it is being wrapped around the hook. But the real bait is now religion.

The religion bait was good even against a lonely Hitler; but now the war is not against Hitler alone. It is against an alliance of the two great anti-God forces of the modern world. It is a struggle between Christianity and the forces vowed to destroy Christianity.

Men who for over twenty years have looked upon the Soviet as a noble experiment, men who simply refused to listen to well documented evidence of the bloody persecution of religion under the Soviet regime, men who wanted to lift the Embargo not so very long ago to help Russian Communism to triumph over the Catholic heritage of Spain, now are suddenly awake to the fact that Stalin is indeed anti-Christ and for the peace of the world must be opposed. Phrases like "world revolution" and "world-wide Communism," so long laughed out of court, now crop up in the most unexpected places. Catholic Poland has been taken to the heart of propagandists as Catholic Spain never was; and the Holy Father's anxiety for Catholic Poland under Nazi and Soviet domination is solicitously echoed by men who rather approved of Communist treatment of Catholics in Russia.

Only a short time ago France would have been ridiculed, mocked and lambasted had she lifted a finger against Communism. Now she outlaws the entire movement to the universal approval of the pink press. Poor Congressman Dies must be bewildered at the flattering press his revived investigation has been receiving. Only last year he was a blithering half-wit, rallying the great American people against the Red menace that was Shirley Temple. Today, he can suggest the dismissal of all Communists from governmental posts, he can advocate the total abolition of the Communist Party; and the press is on the whole sympathetic. In the past few weeks Communism has become, without a shadow of a doubt, a grave danger to democracy and civilization and religion; and every religious-minded person in the United States, above all every Catholic in the United States, should rally behind England and France in their unselfish struggle to save the world for religion. Beg pardon! Make that a capital R.

If American Catholics do not soon rally to the great cause, France may be driven to the extreme

measure of imitating every other civilized nation in the world in exempting her priests and religious from active military service. She may even be obliged to erase some of the anti-religious laws from her statutes, and allow Religious Orders the legal right of existing in France. Only in France, of all nations in the world, are priests forced to shoulder a rifle and march out to kill in defense of the religion of the Prince of Peace. But even France may be expected to make sacrifices in the noble cause of drawing America into a war to defend religion. I mean capital R.

Actually, the entrance of Russia into the war has not changed the aspect of the war either technically or ideologically. England and France are not fighting Russia. According to their pledges they should be fighting Russia; but they can use the same subterfuge used by Stalin himself. He, too, had a treaty with Poland, but that treaty no longer bound him because Poland had ceased to exist. No, Russia is not the enemy. Russia could have taken over Estonia and Latvia and Lithuania and Rumania; and England and France would not have said boo to prevent her. Such action would naturally have been hailed both here and abroad as a blow at Hitler. Russia could have maneuvered unhindered, for Russia apparently had no designs against England and France, and Communism has become dangerous only because of its alliance with Germany. It was not felt nor is it felt now that the Soviet sphere of influence conflicts with France's sphere of interest or with England's.

The enemy, the only enemy, is Hitler. The aim of the war, as pointed out by the Prime Minister of England, is the destruction of Hitlerism. Why? Because Hitler is a foe of religion and democracy? No, English statesmen have been pointing out for a long time that the internal affairs of Germany were no concern of the British Empire. Hitler must be destroyed for one reason: because his ambitions encroach on British and French interests. Naturally they have a right to use force to maintain their positions as first-class powers, if they think they can successfully do so. But they have no right to pose as pious defenders of the peace and religious freedom of the world. Only a few weeks ago they sought an alliance with the greatest living enemy of religion to defend their interests; and today they still live in hope that sooner or later they can enlist the help of Godless Russia in their fight for religion.

They are not fighting to save Poland. Poland is already lost (though she will never remain lost for long) and, as far as can be observed from this side of the water, England and France did little to help her, save drop leaflets in Germany territory.

Americans must keep their heads. The real danger to religion right now is not Germany, not even Russia, but that spirit of cynicism that can call on all the Catholics of the world to fight a war for religion, while at the same time carrying on negotiations with Russia to join in the same crusade. Make no mistake about it! England and France have not yet given up hope of gaining, if not Russia's alliance, at least Russia's benevolent

neutrality—at a price! I will even venture a prophecy: Russia will not allow herself to become involved in this war to the extent of throwing her army or her money or her resources into the scale on Germany's side. Russia will play both sides, take what she can from both sides, and await her big opportunity. A few months ago I asked an attaché of the Russian consulate in one of the countries of Europe: "What will Russia do in the event of a war between England and Germany?" "Wait until both sides are exhausted and then hop in!" His answer was given with a smile, but it contained, I believe, the grim truth.

Hitler, it is true, is as great an enemy of religion as is Stalin, but his opposition to religion interests France and England and American clamorers for war only, only because his dislike of religion is joined to ambitions that collide with French, and especially, English ambitions. This is not yet a religious war. Before it can become such, we must have some assurance that the men and nations who are directing the war are primarily interested in the preservation of religious liberty. Thus far, we have no such assurance.

It may be said that we have a duty to help the cause of peace and civilization and religion. True enough; but our first duty is the preservation of American civilization. Our country cannot stand the shock of another war. Morally, industrially, religiously, we still carry the unhealed wounds of the World War, brief as was our participation. Furthermore, the preservation of our civilization is the greatest service we can render to world civilization. Even granting that England and France are the guardians of European civilization, only under one supposition could American intervention help to save European civilization, namely, that our intervention would absolutely insure a rapid-fire victory and a just peace: a rapid-fire victory before the inevitable ravages of war could get in their telling blows; a peace that would grant justice even to the vanquished.

But, not even the most enthusiastic interventionist would dare assert that American intervention could do more than strengthen England and France in the long run; and passions stirred up by actual participation in war are not the surest guarantees of justice in peace. Under any other consideration, that is to say under actual considerations, our participation cannot now help European civilization. It is not only the possible victory of Hitler that is the danger to civilization. It is war itself that threatens civilization. In modern warfare victors and vanquished are the losers. In modern warfare the civilization even of the nation that emerges victorious is endangered. Our intervention, far from saving European civilization, would merely add American civilization to the European holocaust.

The choice that faces us is not between neutrality and the destruction of European civilization. It is a choice between intervention and world civilization. Our intervention cannot save European civilization. Our neutrality may save world civilization by saving American civilization.

MR. BORAH AND MR. PITTMAN CLASH ON OUR NEUTRALITY

Opening guns are fired in our fight to preserve peace

GERARD DONNELLY

FOR the moment the Senate was mildly out of order. Nobody had the floor; nobody was asking for it; and now, nearly two hours after the opening gavel, there had come a welcome pause in the proceedings. Many of the members got to their feet and walked about, pausing to talk or shake hands. The Presiding Officer arranged a pile of papers. There was a huddle of conferees at Mr. Barkley's desk. Mr. Wagner looked at the war pictures in a tabloid. Mr. Harrison was yawning. Steadily, and perhaps for a full minute, the noise of conversation mounted.

And so only a few persons noticed Senator Borah, as he rose from his chair, adjusted his nose-glasses, picked up a sheaf of typed pages and gestured to the Presiding Officer.

Even in the old days the voice of the lion of Idaho was never a roar; and now that he is well past seventy, the voice is somewhat high-pitched, weak and even shaky. But at his first words a profound quiet fell upon the chamber, coming as suddenly as if someone had clicked off a switch. Up in the galleries there was a great craning of necks, and the people in the side seats rose in mass as if to see a critical pass on the football field—but silently. Down on the floor every face turned swiftly towards the speaker and all movement ceased.

"I desire to confine my remarks to the question of repeal of the arms embargo," said the Senator. He paused; the hush deepened.

But then, quite unexpectedly, another voice broke in. "Would the Senator yield?" Mr. McNary, of Oregon, explained. A large number of the members, absent for the moment from the chamber, wanted to be told when the able Senator from Idaho began his discussion. It would take a few minutes to call them back to the floor. Mr. McNary suggested a roll call.

"Mr. Adams!" bellowed the clerk suddenly, as he reached for his tally sheet and pencil. "Mr. Andrews! Mr. Ashurst! Mr. Austin!" Off in the distance the signal bells began to clang, and all the pages went scurrying to the cloakrooms. Mr. Borah sat down, and the buzz of talk broke out again on the floor. In the galleries the spectators shook off their tenseness, leaned back in their chairs, and smiled at one another.

The white-headed old lady in the chair next to mine leaned over and nodded: "My grandfather claimed he heard Hayne and Webster," she said. "That was more than a hundred years ago. But I think Mr. Borah's talk is going to be just as historical, don't you?"

Well, I was not sure. But I agreed that all the newspapers were saying so. This was to be one of the great moments of the Senate. This fight was to go down in history, and become a chapter in the schoolbooks, like the Hayne-Webster affair, or the Hamilton-Jefferson feud, or the Lincoln-Douglas prairie debates.

Certainly, the public thought so. For all that morning, despite the cold and driving rain, great throngs had been gathering at the Capitol. By eleven o'clock, the police were at their wits end. With the gallery packed, thousands of hopefuls insisted on waiting for a chance. These optimists, standing in ranks of six or seven, made up a long column that started somewhere near the old Supreme Court room, stretched down the corridors to the Senate wing, and massed solidly on the flight of marble steps up to the gallery doors.

And here, inside the doors, was an astonishing thing that no one attempted to explain. Why was it that at a Senate session which might easily turn to a discussion of dry statistics and involved legal clauses, the women visitors should outnumber the men by four or five to one? Our audience was predominantly feminine, mostly of the very-earnest middle-aged-person type, but with a scattering of old ladies, some young ones, and even a small group of nuns. The men in the galleries seemed to show faint traces of embarrassment.

The clock over the Vice President's desk now pointed to 1:45. Mr. Garner had called the Senate to order promptly at noon, and a bit of routine business was followed by two good-natured, complimentary speeches by the party leaders. About 12:25 Mr. Pittman took the floor.

As it turned out, he devoted the first ten minutes of his speech to the parliamentary status of his bill. Down on the floor the members paid flattering attention, but the gallery spectators did not seem particularly interested in what seemed to be mere dull technicality. They fidgeted, they whispered,

they looked about for celebrities. Then their attention was caught by the entrance of the President's mother. Mrs. Roosevelt moved slowly down the crowded steps to her chair in the first row. Her progress, her quiet smiles proved of much greater interest to the audience than the long discussion down on the floor.

Senator Pittman is not an orator. True, his voice is deep and musical, but there is none of the Jim Reed in his makeup, and he lacks the old-fashioned Senatorial rhythm and passion. It was easy to see that he felt deeply his responsibility as protagonist for the Administration, but he chose to read his speech throughout, and when he came to special points demanding emphasis, he made them, not by shouting or pounding his desk, but merely by looking up from his paper, removing his spectacles, and gesturing with an earnest forefinger. He had written no flowery passages or ringing periods. I doubt that he employed a single metaphor. Instead, he relied on a straightaway, factual presentation of his case.

He talked for seventy minutes, and only a prejudiced observer could say that he was ineffective. His was the eloquence of crystal-clear argument, of impressive marshaling of facts, which he offered with feeling and conviction. Even the galleries, which were not neutral but wholly against him, were impressed by his bold challenging of Borah and Johnson, and rewarded him with applause.

Parliamentary procedure robbed him of a chance to finish with a peroration. Mr. Overton, of Louisiana, broke in with a difficulty. Mr. White, of Maine, had several questions. The answers were long and involved, and the audience lost interest. Many of the Senators rose, moved about, and a number left the floor. Pages were running to the clerk with papers for stamping and numbering, and as Mr. Pittman sat down, the Senate had come to the state of mild disorder described in the first paragraph of this narrative.

But now the clerk was finishing his roll call. "Mr. Walsh!" he bellowed over the din. "Mr. White! Mr. Wiley!" By this time eighty-three members were in their seats, and an equal number of Representatives, visiting from the House, were standing along the walls.

The Presiding Officer tapped the table with his little ivory spool. "A quorum is present," he announced, and looked at the man from Idaho.

Mr. Borah rose slowly, and again a profound hush came down upon the Chamber.

"Mr. President," said the tired, husky voice; "when this nation solemnly resolved and wrote into its law that it would never again furnish arms to any nation at war, it was universally believed, not only here but abroad, that we had marked an epoch in the cause of peace, that we had offered a challenge to the reign of force which would in time break its hold upon the peoples of the world."

Yes; there it was—the thing we were all waiting for. The solemn tone. The authentic note. The sense of momentous occasion. The cadences of Lincoln, of Webster, of Patrick Henry. "Four score and seven years ago. . . I have but one lamp by

which my feet are guided." Yes, even in the first sentence we knew it; here was a classical speech, one to be printed in the textbooks and destined to be quoted years hence by student elocutionists. Even more than that, it was a speech to win votes in the Senate.

As the speaker continued, his voice failed and sank for a moment to a whisper. A little semicircle of friends formed around him. LaFollette and Nye and Shipstead, seated directly in front of him, shifted around in their chairs, folded their arms, and stared up boldly into his face. To his right, Vandenberg sat motionless, with hands pocketed and legs outstretched. Further on, Johnson, his fingers steepled and laid against his mouth. And to Borah's left, just across the aisle, ranged his opponents and one or two friends, all with their chairs swung round to face him—Pittman, wishing that he could do as well; Barkley, the enemy captain; Byrnes, the strategist; Harrison; Clark, of Missouri, his violent friend.

Not once, so far as I recall, did the Senator look to the galleries; but up here, where the odor of rain-drenched rubber coats and umbrellas was still overwhelming, we followed every word.

"Wherein was humanity to be augmented or strengthened by our selling arms to warring nations? Wherein was peace to be advanced by doing so? We might advance the cause of one side or of the other"—and here the Senator paused raised a trembling finger, and shouted with anger—"but wherein was peace to be advanced?"

At that, the gallery broke in with applause and cheers, or rather squeals, of delight. This brought a sharp reprimand from the chairman, which the gallery, in its feminine way, chose to consider a faint insult. It is to be feared that Mr. Sheppard, then presiding, lost a few friends by his rashness.

The Senator from Idaho spoke for two full hours. There is here no attempt to summarize his thesis or his argument, save to say that he ended with an astonishingly belligerent note. "If the rights of America are invaded, if our property is destroyed, if our people are murdered, if our sovereignty is attacked, I shall vote to meet the enemy on the field of war. It is America," he concluded (in a sentence echoing Decatur's "my country right or wrong"), "America, with peace if possible, but America."

Downstairs on the Capitol's steps an hour later, a veteran Washington newspaper man told me an interesting item. Despite all the Administration-pledged votes and the recurring polls, the isolationists would win in the end. The embargo would be kept, he predicted and Mr. Pittman's plan for cash and carry would be tightened and imposed. He insisted, too, that the Borah speech had carried several of the fence-sitting Senators, and even one or two hitherto numbered on the other side.

But Borah was not the only one to sway the ballots that day. Senator Logan answered both roll calls and listened to the debaters. He left the Chamber, chatting with Senators and friends. Next morning the Senate knew that death, as well as Borah, had reduced the Administration vote.

HE CAME INTO THE CHURCH AND THEREIN FOUND PEACE

Freedom from conflict and newer freedom for the spirit

LESLIE E. DUNKIN

MANY times, both Catholic and non-Catholic friends have asked me: "What has Catholicism for a Protestant?"; or: "What has Catholicism given to you?" They have been sincerely and curiously interested in the conversion of a Protestant minister and religious writer to the Roman Catholic Church. "Have you been disappointed in any way?" they inquire.

A single word will answer each of these questions. "No!" takes care of the latter question completely. The five main points of my answer to the first question might well be summed up in the one short word, "Peace!"

I. *Peace with spiritual certainty.* I always envied Saint Paul's peaceful confidence when he declared: "I know. . . ." Born and thoroughly reared in the Baptist Church, I early in life believed that Heaven was reserved exclusively for Baptists. However, I soon found there are more than twelve to fifteen different official groups of Baptists—different in some point of doctrinal beliefs and practices. Just as though this were not enough confusion, I soon found that even in each of the various different official groups, there are people with sharply differing views on spiritual matters. Later I found that all the Protestant churches are in a somewhat similar situation. If one individual were positive his views of "spiritual certainties" were right, then many, many others within his own immediate church group were wrong, not considering the still many more in differing church groups.

During my forty years as a Protestant, a question kept repeating itself in my puzzled mind with increasing strength and persistence: "With so many positive and sharply-contradicting differences, how could such church groups or any of their members be sure of spiritual certainties?"

The positive and certain Christ in Palestine surely would not establish and promote His Church with so many confusing and contradicting uncertainties. The Roman Catholic Church speaking forth with such Divinely authorized certainty, has given me peace in the thought of these spiritual certainties.

II. *Peace free from religious arguments.* From my earliest days in Protestant church groups, my personal idea of the ideal Sunday service was one

which emphasized Christ with an abundant opportunity and encouragement for worshipping and adoring Christ so the individual will be better prepared to live a true Christ-like life at other times. The farther I went with the Protestant church groups, the more I found that the exaltation of individual interpretation of the Bible brought the spirit of religious arguments into the Sunday service crowding out much, if not all, of the thought of individual or group solemn reverent worship.

This goes so far that frequently the minister and his qualifications, and also the "eternal-salvation" of the individual, are judged primarily by the person's interpretation of the Bible. For example, my belief in the Atonement from Christ on Calvary led my Protestant friends who considered themselves as Modernists, to shake their heads disapprovingly about me, considering me a dangerous Conservative or Fundamentalist. At the same time, my refusal to insist that people must believe in all the twentieth-century details of the prophecy of the Second Coming of Christ and must accept the accurate prophecy of the Great Pyramid, to be considered a true Christian, led my Conservative or Fundamentalist Protestant friends to shake their heads disapprovingly about me, considering me a dangerous Modernist. Both of these attitudes led me to question whether either of them had the real Christ and Faith. They seemed to me much like the dog, that, while crossing a stream of water on a narrow bridge, had dropped the real bone, to try to get the reflected bone in the water. I felt they both had lost the real Faith.

The Catholic Church with the sacrifice of Calvary in the Mass and with the actual Presence of Christ, also the emphasis upon Christian living by the individual, offered me peace from inner concern about arguments over personal Bible interpretations. The sheltering welcome of Holy Mother the Church protects me from the former disconcerting arguments in my private life and thought.

More than that, the spirit of Catholicism has removed from me any desire for religious arguments. That is doing a great deal, when you consider that for thirty years in Protestant church groups I had more of a desire to argue religiously than even to eat. Now, if sincere explanations are

desired, I am ready and glad to give them, but mere religious arguments are entirely gone from my desires and liking.

III. *Peace free from inner condemnation.* With the contradicting confusion in the Protestant church groups, I asked myself and God in prayer many times whether or not I myself might be entirely wrong. The various personal Bible interpretations for doctrinal use produced for me differing and changing mirages, that failed to produce the actual Christ upon close association. I felt an inner condemnation from the great possibility of being wrong myself. I wanted to be sure about it, for myself and for others. The positive Divinely supported Catholic Faith brought me the desired assurance.

My thorough Protestant training made it difficult at first for me to accept and use the confessional as practised in the Catholic Church. Although the reasoning for it was clear to me, there was an inner hesitancy that kept me back. Finally, in my first few confessions, I accepted by personal inner Faith the need and blessing from them. When I was ready to leave, I was firmly convinced within that I had gained there a peace and a Divine blessing not available for me anywhere else. I felt I was forgiven my sins, both venial and mortal. I had found peace again.

IV. *Peace in greater prayer.* As a Protestant, I had felt the great need and value of prayer both in public worship and in private life. A great need for Christ, Christ's Presence and Christ's strength and blessing was ever with me. I found a very marked tendency in the public prayers to please or make a good impression upon the listening human audience. All too often the measure of the success for these prayers was the pleasing impression upon the audience rather than the humble sincerity of these petitions in Christ's presence. I found that the tendency among Protestant church groups and people is to look upon an individual who makes an extensive public and private use of prayer as somewhat of a religious fanatic.

The great presence of prayer by the lay worshiper in the Catholic Mass appealed to me at once. I could spend three-fourths of the time each Sunday morning on my knees in sincere personal adoration of Christ and in prayer, without being looked upon as a religious fanatic. Then, too, there is the daily morning Mass with the abundant prayer and the Blessed Sacrament. I humbly spend that brief moment each morning alone at the early Mass with my Christ, Blessed Mary, and the Saints in prayer. With this adoration of Christ and the immediate fellowship, naturally I have a newly strengthened peace for each day.

My Catholic Faith brings an increased aid for my cherished prayer-life to bring me still greater peace. I have the continual assistance of Blessed Mary and the many Saints when they add their prayer petitions to mine for my life and my spiritual desires and needs. My personal inner feeling from this can be best described by the use of the single word, peace. The best and most convincing description of this is to feel this peace yourself from a similar use of prayer and adoration.

V. *Peace while looking ahead.* My most disturbing tendency or weakness had been to worry. I was almost like that woman who worried so constantly that when she had no reason for worrying, she then worried because there was no reason for worrying. I knew about Christ before and tried to have faith in Him, but all this seemed to be separated from me in a different and somewhat distant world or realm from that in which I was actually living. Consequently, I felt a continual worried concern about the future, both immediate and the more distant.

The greatly increased prayer-life in the Catholic Faith brought a double blessing for me in the removal of personal worry. In the first place, I was placed more constantly in the spirit of God's will for my life and my future. Many things looked different to me as a Catholic. Personal disappointments, as looked upon previously, became God's appointments for a stronger Faith and life. In the second place, such a strong prayer-experience made possible many things for my life, that would have been considered nothing short of a miracle previously. All this meant less worry and more peace.

Finally, my Catholic Faith has brought me a more peaceful thought and feeling about that inevitable experience known as death. As a Protestant, I believed strongly in the future life and that death was merely passing into another realm or world to be with Christ. But all the time, I was striving frantically to keep ahead of death in my own life. I felt it was a handicap to the person's desires. My new Catholic Faith has brought peace to my heart and life about death. Now death is no more than another day for my life and plans. Hence from all of these, Catholicism has given me peace.

Catholicism gives a different peace, a superior peace, a peace "that passeth all understanding." Descriptions and human reasoning to support its presence and value fail in their efforts. The individual may fail to prove this peace to others, but he knows from inner consciousness it is there.

The day has seemed uncertain in the early morning hours. I have been puzzled to know how I can get through it at all, let alone safely and peacefully. Then I turn my steps, as is my daily custom, to morning Mass and spend a brief twenty to thirty minutes there. As I leave, and throughout the day, everything is different. My new or increased peace within either produces a similar peace outside my inner life or is provided with a Divine Grace necessary for the inevitable situations.

The peace that Catholicism has for a Protestant, or for any non-Catholic, is the same peace that Christ offered and gave in His life-contacts while in Palestine. When Catholicism has such a peace for a Protestant, is it not logical to say this is an experience proof that Catholicism has Christ for a Protestant? This is the real power of Catholicism and the Catholic Mass for the individual. These two present not a mere theological view of Christ and Christ's teaching, but rather they present Christ Himself and Christ's peace to the individual.

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. Arguing that since he had authority under the "limited emergency," which he proclaimed, to increase the military and naval personnel, President Roosevelt ordered the War and Navy Departments to expend sums involved in the increase and in the reconditioning of a hundred World War destroyers for patrol duty. He said he would seek Congressional authorization for the money later. . . . In a message to the A. F. of L. convention in Cincinnati, the President urged C.I.O.-A. F. of L. peace. . . . The State Department made public a German note in which the Reich "begs to call the attention of American merchant vessels" in combat zones "to the fact that, in their own interest, and in order to prevent confusion with ships of the enemy, they should avoid any suspicious behavior such as zigzagging, failing to obey a demand to stop, accepting a naval convoy from powers at war with Germany." . . . Secretary Hull urged Americans abroad not to travel on belligerent vessels, a right they have under present legislation for sixty days after October 5. . . . The Treasury Department placed a ban on publication of ship manifests. . . . Declaring that "mere seizure of territory . . . does not extinguish the legal existence of a Government," Secretary Hull announced that the United States "continues to regard the Government of Poland as in existence." Washington will maintain diplomatic relations with the reorganized Polish Government set up in France.

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THE CONGRESS. Adopted by the Senate was a resolution by Senator Vandenberg requesting the Attorney General to inform the Senate what executive powers are made available to the President "under his Proclamation of National Emergency," and what "other extraordinary powers, if any, are made available to the Executive under existing statutes in emergency or state of war."

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WASHINGTON. For the first three months of the current fiscal year, the Government's deficit was \$976,060,301, compared to \$700,846,961 for the same period last year. . . . In attempting to divide the United States into six "localities" and establish minimum wages for the iron and steel industry in each "locality," the Labor Department had engaged in an "attempt arbitrarily to disregard the statutory mandate," and wrought a "palpable evasion of the letter and spirit of the pertinent statute (the Walsh-Healey Act)," the District of Columbia Court of Appeals ruled. . . . A National Association of Broadcasters sub-committee decreed that stations may not sell time to a "spokesman of a controversial public issue." The ruling was calculated

to drive Father Coughlin off the air, radio men believed. . . . The National Labor Relations Board ordered the Waumbec Mills, Inc., Manchester, N. H., to pay two years' wages and work to two men the firm never hired. The Board charged the company refused employment to the men because of their union affiliations. . . . President Roosevelt asked the TNEC (Monopoly Committee) to thwart profiteering through the "forceful check of public inquiry." . . . 10,340 plants have received sealed orders for munitions and supplies to be filled in the event of war, the War Department revealed. . . . Belligerent nations, foreign ships ceased giving weather reports to the Government.

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DIES COMMITTEE. A far-reaching report unmasking Communists in the Washington Government will be filed in two months, Chairman Dies disclosed, adding: "I don't mean clerks and small fry. I mean that Communists have risen high in the Government and hold important key positions. This is particularly true of many of the New Deal agencies."

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NEUTRALITY. Senate debate on the proposed new Neutrality Act which would repeal the mandatory arms embargo and permit ninety days credit in its "cash and carry" provisions opened on October 2. Crowds packing the galleries were the greatest since the Supreme Court bill battle of 1937. Said Senator Key Pittman, repeal advocate: "If an embargo is necessary to keep us out of war, then let us place an embargo" not only on instruments of war but on all materials used for manufacturing such instruments. Maintenance of the embargo was a discrimination favoring Germany, he held. . . . Opposing repeal, Senator Borah declared when the embargo was made law, the American people pledged themselves "never again to furnish warring nations the instrumentalities of mass murder," in the hope that the cause of peace would receive "substantial and permanent advance." The United States could serve humanity better by preserving free institutions in the Western Hemisphere than by joining in Europe's wars and "taking part in their everlasting imperial contests," the Senator argued, adding the call for repeal came not from the American people but from "the war hounds of Europe." The real reason the Administration wants the arms embargo removed is to help Britain and France, the Senator intimated. Helping them with ammunition will eventually lead to helping them with men, Senator Borah maintained. . . . Senator Connally argued the arms' ban gave an unfair advantage to Germany over France and England. . . . "Cash and carry" commerce in munitions is more

dangerous to American peace than no munitions trade at all, Senator Vandenberg insisted. . . . Referred to the Foreign Relations Committee was a resolution by Senator Johnson of Colorado, asking the President to act with other neutrals in an effort to end the European war. . . . A motion by Senator Tobey called for a separate vote on the two chief provisions of the proposed neutrality legislation—the arms embargo repeal and the “cash and carry” regulations for all trade with belligerents. . . . Senator Logan of Kentucky died October 3.

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AT HOME. George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, died October 2, aged sixty-seven. . . . On the same day Bishop Schwertner of Wichita, Kans., died at the age of sixty-eight. . . . Disagreeing with President Roosevelt's suggestion of an “adjournment of partisanship” during the European clash, John D. M. Hamilton, chairman of the Republican National Committee, declared the Republican party could not be made a “mere rubber stamp” for Administration proposals.

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POLAND. The German-Russian frontier in Poland runs along East Prussia to the Pisa River, follows the Pisa down to Ostroleka, then goes southeast to the Bug River, follows the Bug River to Krystynopol, there turns westward and runs north of Rawa Ruska and Lubaczow to the Sabuop River, then follows the River San to its head. Of the population, Germany receives about 18,000,000, mostly Poles; Russia receives 14,000,000, mostly Ukrainians and White Russians.

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WESTERN FRONT. There was some airplane activity and on the ground relatively light artillery duels and occasional brushes between scouting parties. . . . A large squadron of German air bombers attacked the British fleet in the North Sea, claimed severe damage to an aircraft carrier and a battleship. London denied the damage. British planes attacked a German naval squadron near Helgoland. Some of the planes were shot down, the ships were uninjured. . . . Germany warned London she would consider armed British merchant vessels as warships.

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DIPLOMATIC FRONT. The Estonian-Russian treaty by which Estonia falls under Soviet domination was ratified. The pact permits Moscow to place 25,000 Red troops at strategic points in Estonia, gives Stalin air and naval bases there through which he will control the Gulfs of Finland, Riga and Bothnia. . . . Two more Foreign Ministers, Vilhelms Munters, Latvian, and Juozas Urbys, Lithuanian, hurried to Moscow. Latvia finally yielded to the Kremlin's demands for air, artillery and naval bases. . . . Following the Soviet-Nazi peace overtures, French Premier Deladier declared: “France does not want a truce between two aggressions, but a lasting peace.”. . . Said First Lord of

the British Admiralty, Winston Churchill, in the House of Commons: “It was for Hitler to say when the war would begin, but it is not for him nor his successors to say when it will end.” Britain appreciated, he said, the fact that “the friendly nation of Italy with whom we have never been at war, has not seen fit to enter the struggle.”. . . King George called another 250,000 men for military service. . . . Regarding the foreshadowed peace proffer, Prime Minister Chamberlain said: “No mere assurances from the present German Government could be accepted by us.” But if proposals are made, “we shall certainly examine them,” he added. . . . Lloyd George urged the Government to give very careful consideration to any peace proposals offered. He recommended a secret session of the House to consider any proposals. Replying to the Lloyd George speech, Mr. Chamberlain doubted the value of a secret session. Regarding the expected proposal, he said it might prove to be one which “no self-respecting Government would consider at all.” If a proposal required serious consideration, it would receive it, he intimated. . . . A Turkish military mission arrived in London. . . . Italian Foreign Minister, Count Ciano, conferred with Chancellor Hitler in Berlin. On October 6 Chancellor Hitler made his long-awaited peace bid, which will be his last, he asserted. Its proposals were definite. If France and Britain want peace, they can have it, he said, as all German demands, except for the return of former colonies, are now satisfied. He proposed a general conference of nations to discuss disarmament, security, a general settlement. Since these nations will have to get together eventually, why not now, he inquired, before the youth of Europe are killed. Declaring the Poland of the Versailles Treaty will never rise again, he hinted at the possibility of a Polish State under German-Russian suzerainty. Asserting he always wanted Britain's amity, he said there will never be permanent peace until Britain and Germany achieve genuine friendship. If the war is not called off now, it will soon be brought home to everyone, he warned.

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FOOTNOTES. In Rumania, Poland's President Ignace Moscicki, resigned, named Wladislaw Raczekiewicz as President, an action permitted by the Polish Constitution. Raczekiewicz, resident in Paris, named General Wladislas Sikorski as Premier. . . . The dissolved Communist party in France reorganized under the name, French Workers and Peasants party. . . . The British Government armed its merchant vessels. . . . Addressing a delegation of “his children of Catholic Poland,” Pope Pius told them there remained with them the great memories of their national history and “above all, that Faith which will not die.” The conference of the Foreign Ministers of twenty-one Foreign Ministers meeting in Panama issued a Declaration of Panama setting up a 300-mile safety zone running from the United States-Canadian border southward in both oceans in which hostile acts by belligerents are forbidden.

ON the same day, finishing nearly the same span of life, two American successors to the Apostles were called by God from the burdens of life to the peace of eternity. In their passing, the Church in the United States loses two distinguished leaders, and the Catholics of America mourn for two devoted pastors of souls. His Eminence, George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, quietly in a peaceful sleep, ended his earthly sojourn on October 2, at the age of sixty-seven. On that day, also, in his sixty-eighth year, died the Most Rev. August Schwertner, D.D., Bishop of Wichita, Kans.

Cardinal Mundelein, from his earliest years, excelled in those human endowments which lift a person above his associates. Born of German stock that had distinguished itself in American life, George Washington Mundelein was instructed by the Christian Brothers at De La Salle Academy, New York, and graduated from Manhattan College at the age of seventeen. He finished his theological studies at St. Vincent's Seminary, Beatty, Pa., so young that his ordination to the priesthood had to be delayed. Meanwhile, in Rome, he was awarded the Doctorate in Divinity.

Responsibilities and honors, likewise, were placed upon him early. In 1909, he was named Auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn, and in 1915 was elevated to the Archiepiscopal See of Chicago. In 1924, Archbishop Mundelein was summoned to Rome, together with his boyhood friend, Archbishop Hayes of New York, and there, both friends were raised to the highest but one dignity in the Catholic Church, that of the Cardinalate. As in his previous attainments he was younger than others, so he was one of the youngest Cardinals of modern times. As he had been first in so many other instances, so was he the first Cardinal of a See beyond the eastern seaboard of the country.

The death of Cardinal Mundelein came as a great shock in that it came so unexpectedly. His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, and other eminent Churchmen, mourned the passing of their friend, as did President Roosevelt and other leaders of the United States. For Cardinal Mundelein was a Prince of the Church, totally devoted to the sanctification of his own soul and of the souls entrusted to his care, totally immersed in the apostolic labor of spreading God's truth, totally imbued with the Divine purpose of expanding the reign of Christ over mankind. At the same time, he fulfilled his duties as a thorough American citizen and strove to guide American destinies in the paths of morality and justice and charity and peace.

The memory of Cardinal Mundelein will long linger in the American Church, and his achievements will be recorded when those now living have passed away.

May God in His Infinite Mercy grant peace eternal to these two, our Fathers in Christ, and gather them into the company of His Apostles.

FORMS AND FACTS

GOVERNMENT under the Constitution suits us Americans very well. We like it. We should like it much better were more real service and less lip-service paid the Constitution. But what suits us, may not suit another people; what suits England might be abhorrent to France, or to Spain, or to Italy. As long as a government respects the rights of God and of man, the Church has no quarrel with its form. Were that common-sense attitude adopted by governments and peoples in their relations with one another, we should have less of this foolish talk about saving the world for democracy.

LET THE PEOPLE

WITH countless Americans, interested in the welfare of union labor, we have followed the proceedings of the convention of the American Federation of Labor with deep concern. One of the chief, if not the chief, jobs of this convention is to devise ways and means of bridging the widening gap between the Federation and the C.I.O., to the end that organized labor may bring united counsel and force to the solution of the industrial problems which daily grow more serious.

In his opening address, President Green dampened our hopes by advocating a policy which may stimulate industry for a period, but which will end in a depression far worse than that which has afflicted us for more than a decade. Mr. Green apparently thinks that labor's chief work at present is to keep this country out of war. If Mr. Green means that labor, in common with every organized group in this country, should undertake the work of keeping this country out of war by every legitimate means, he is only stating an elemental principle of patriotism.

But we cannot accept the means of keeping us out of war suggested and, indeed, commended with considerable warmth, by Mr. Green. He apparently believes that the chief means of keeping us out of the European war is Federal legislation permitting and encouraging us to sell arms to the belligerents.

In other words, the best way of maintaining peace in this country is to sell munitions to France and Great Britain.

DEATHLESS POLAND

POLAND does not "will to die," as the Holy Father said in his address to the Polish pilgrims. Every page of her glorious history is a pledge that Poland cannot die. The deathless soul of Poland is her flaming love of religion, her tested devotion to liberty. That soul suffers, but it cannot die. It has often stood at the gates of death, but never passed them. Poland's cities have been sacked, her fields laid waste, and her people slain by barbarous aggressors. But while cities fall, and fields grow barren, and men die, the soul of Poland lives and must prevail.

PEOPLE BE HEARD

No doubt, if every idle factory in the United States were turned into a munitions factory, unemployment would be decreased. Millions who now eke out a miserable existence as the objects of public charity would be put back on the payroll. But two other results must likewise be taken into account.

The first is that after a few months, France and Great Britain would not pay cash for these munitions. They would not pay cash, because they would have no cash. The inevitable result of extending credit to a customer who not only has no cash, but who daily goes deeper into debt, is bankruptcy.

The next result is that the sale of arms to France and Great Britain, exclusively, will make us a target for Germany and Russia. We fail to see how this fact will make American participation in the war more remote.

Americans who disagree with Mr. Green should register their disapprobation. To be specific, they should let Congress know their dissent from the theory that prosperity and peace can be insured by turning the United States into an aggregation of factories to make arms for France and Great Britain. We have no sympathy with the view that our democratic processes are impeded when the people let Congress know their mind. "The counsel of two cobblers," wrote old Sam Adams, "is better than that of one king." If our "democratic processes" are to be saved, that counsel must at least be heard, by the President as well as by Congress.

THE pioneers who made their way with incredible hardships over the plains and mountains to the Western coast were probably impressed by the fact that this is a tremendous country. They crossed plains that were larger than the States from which they had emigrated, and scaled snow-capped peaks compared with which the gentle hills they had known were as brush heaps which children rear in their play, and call mountains.

When at last they settled down in California, in the Dakotas, or even in the farther reaches of Nebraska, they felt as distant from home as a present-day traveler when he finds himself in the heart of China. They were, in fact, even more remote. Today, the traveler can telephone from China, or be linked with the rest of the world by radio. Our pioneers felt that the refinements of civilization had come, when they could send a letter by pony-express, or by ship around Cape Horn, and be answered, unless Indians or storms at sea destroyed the messenger and his mail, within a year's time.

The impression of vastness is shared by the observer who follows the same path a century later, in the safety and comfort of a Pullman. He sees far less of the country than the pioneers saw, for during much of the journey, he lies asleep in his berth, and he knows none of their fears and dangers. Yet he realizes better than they that from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the Gulf, a clement sky arches over a country that is tremendous in extent and in riches. They saw nature in the rough. He sees it as man's ingenuity has tamed it for man's profit.

He views it as a country almost unrivaled in every natural resource, peopled, for the most part, by upright, hard-working, and intelligent men and women. The earth yields its harvests in abundance, and is so rich that it rewards even the unskilled and the careless. Its billowing acres provide pastures in a thousand places for the herdsman's sheep and cattle. Under the earth, ready for the seeker, are untold millions in gold, silver, copper, iron and other useful metals, and in coal and oil. The skies of great cities are darkened by the smoke that pours from a thousand chimneys, and the plains of the painfully plodding pioneers now echo with the rattle of the railways over which passes much of the country's commerce. This is a tremendous country, reflects the traveler.

It is. But it is also a country in which want, labor wars, and economic depressions regularly recur.

God has done His part, and more, for His children. But we, the recipients of this great bounty, have not done our part to one another. Let the reflection that man has tamed the natural resources of the country for man's profit be revised. They have been tamed, not for the welfare of all, but for the advantage of a few. Under a capitalist economic regime, as Pius XI observes, in the Encyclical *On Reconstructing the Social Order*, "not

alone is wealth accumulated, but immense power and despotic economic domination is concentrated in the hands of a few."

The Pontiff had in mind no particular country. But his words are particularly applicable to our own. In them we can find a salutary warning. A country is not made great by the possession of great natural resources, even when these are tirelessly developed. It becomes great only when, by an equitable distribution of wealth and of opportunities, its people are made happy. Lacking that distribution, wealth flows into the hands of a few, and in many instances is controlled by those who, in the words of Pius XI, "pay least heed to the dictates of conscience."

There is nothing inherently wrong in the capitalistic system. But there is foul wrong in the abuses of the system, found in the United States.

Once we Americans were a religious-minded people. We were a political-minded people who, in the Preamble to the Constitution, wrote that this Government was founded to insure domestic tranquillity and to promote the general welfare. When we turned from religion and became immersed in material interests, we likewise ceased to be political-minded. The soil was thus prepared for the growth of a debased form of capitalism, making the equitable distribution of the wealth which God has bestowed upon this country impossible.

There is but one remedy, and it is a return to religion. We shall then be eager to use our political institutions for the purposes set forth in the Preamble to the Constitution. Failing that return, we await only for an American Lenin to establish in this country another Soviet.

REBUILDING SPAIN

THREE and one-half years ago Francisco Franco took command of the forces which were struggling to lift from the Spanish people the burden of a Communist Government that was both anti-Spanish and anti-Christian. On September 30, 1936, he declared himself head of the Spanish State. General Franco celebrated this third anniversary by issuing a general amnesty for persons guilty of political crimes committed between April 14, 1931 and July 18, 1936.

This decree does not mean, however, that men of whatever rank they may be, who have been accused of murder and other crimes against property and the persons will be released without trial. The Spanish Government is clement, but it is not foolish. These men will be tried, and if their guilt is proved, will be punished. But General Franco realizes that the task before him is not merely to punish the guilty, but to establish conditions which will permit the rebuilding of a Spain almost ruined by the crimes of the Communists.

As he girds himself for that great work, General Franco will have the sympathy and the support of all lovers of liberty. In driving the Communists from the Peninsula, he has done the world a service of incalculable value.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

BECAUSE we are very human, we are solicitous for our ease and comfort. All of us take daily thought for what we shall eat, and, if report can be credited, the members of what we call the weaker sex take thought all but hourly about wherewith they shall be clothed. This solicitude is not blameworthy, when it is kept within bounds. We need proper food, and enough of it. Even the sternest moralist will concede that to wear a bit of ribbon, not at all necessary, but purely ornamental, or to call to the aid of a complexion less than perfect the skill of the chemist, is not a sinful deed.

These practices, very human, if not very exalted, become disorderly only when we try to get and keep too large a share of bodily comforts, or labor to procure a modest share by unworthy means. Put in another way, solicitude for these things becomes blameworthy when it cripples (and still more when it stifles) solicitude for the really important affairs of our souls.

But, as we probably know from experience, it is easy to let this solicitude get the upper hand. In our conflicts between inclination and duty, duty has not always been the victor. Inclination has not carried us over the line beyond which serious sin begins, but by putting second things first it has probably falsified our sense of values. We are apt to think that anything which brings with it discomfort or sorrow is evil, and that whatever banishes care and trouble is necessarily good.

In the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint John, iv, 46-53) we read about a man who, in this instance at least, seems to have put second things first. He came to Jesus, not, so far as we can see, to adore Him and to listen to His words of salvation, but to ask the cure of his son. Certainly, there was nothing wrong in his request. It evidenced fatherly solicitude, and in point of fact, Our Lord granted it, after the rebuke: "Unless you see signs and wonders you believe not." It is not certain that this man believed Our Lord to be God, but he had the dispositions which lead to Faith, for on learning of the cure of his son, he "himself believed and his whole house." In His goodness, Our Lord granted the temporal boon that was asked, and to it added the gift of the pearl of great price.

Sometimes Our Lord answers our prayers at once. Sometimes He does not, and then we complain, because we have not seen signs and wonders. The root of this discontent is a weakened Faith. Faith tells us that God will take care of us, and that there is no real evil in this world and no real unhappiness, except the evil and the unhappiness of being separated from Him by sin. We must not expect God to work a miracle to lessen our sorrows, but we can confidently expect Him to give us strength to bear them, and to profit by them. Peace will come to us when we realize that God withholds the happiness we ask that we may more surely attain the greater happiness of Heaven. He denies us these little things to give us Himself in eternity.

CORRESPONDENCE

NO PARTICIPATION

EDITOR: One of the most heartening things that have come into our distressed lives in these recent days was your editorial on our duty of conscientious objection to any participation of the United States in this European war. I say *duty* because we Catholics have a duty arising from our Catholic philosophy to carry our objection to the point of not enlisting and refusing to be drafted.

We can fight only in a *just* war. The United States has not engaged in a just foreign war since 1812. Certainly the Mexican War and the Spanish-American War were pure and unadulterated steals. We all know that the World War was nothing but a racket of the munitions makers and the financiers. Somebody has to determine that a war is justifiable before we Catholics can engage in it. The old practice of ethicists of leaving it to the governments is completely untenable. These governments have so often sold out their peoples that no sane man can let their action determine his conscience.

Now that is the reason that your forthright statement was so reassuring. Keep before your readers: "We conscientiously object!" Let this statement of the plain fact be posted on the bulletin boards of our universities and colleges, of our clubs and organizations. Create a realization of our duty not to fight.

The boast in 1917 was that one-third of the army and navy was Catholic. Can we in conscience make that boast again? Keep the answer straight and always before us. We depend on you.

New York, N. Y.

OWEN P. MACKEY

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

EDITOR: AMERICA is not, I believe, denominated in the periodical trade as a confession magazine, although I have read sob-stories in your paper by such masters of democratic pathos as Louis Minsky and Norman McKenna which would do proud to the heart of Bernarr Macfadden.

I do not believe that merely rhetorical neutrality, such as that of the editors of AMERICA and that of our President's wife, will be enough to keep America out of the war. We've got to be neutral in mind and heart if we want to make a neutrality effective and efferent. "Conscientious objecting" won't keep us out of war any more than Wilson kept us out of war.

I am neutral, I confess, not because I am against bloodshed—there are crueller men than soldiers: men who slay souls rather than bodies. I am neutral because in a conflict between two pagan and brutal forces, I can wish for no decisive victory for either of these forces.

I detest Hitler's *Rassensucht*. But I equally detest the clammy ideal of the utterly Christless English gentleman. I would not want to see a victory for the kind of Germans who, within the memory of living men, closed Catholic schools in Bavaria. Neither do I want to see a victory for the kind of English democrats who, within the memory of living men, shot Irish grandmothers simply for going to Mass.

New York, N. Y.

DAVID GORDON

WARNING

EDITOR: Last October you published a brief editorial entitled *Keep Out*.

Never were those words more momentous or prodigious than right now, one year later. Indeed, we should keep out of Europe's quarrel, although the big newspapers and dominant propaganda are agitating to get us to fight for dear old England and France once more under the brilliant and dazzling guise of stopping Hitlerism.

We learned something of the effectiveness of this ruse in the last World War. We have no more business to fight against German Hitlerism, bad as propaganda has made it out to be, than we have to fight for British imperialism.

Above all we must not endanger the welfare of this country in order to benefit some favored nation abroad. This is un-American as well as unpatriotic.

Portland, Ore.

PAUL BRINKMAN, JR.

PROSPECTS

EDITOR: Two anti-Christ, Hitler and Stalin, are loose in the world, each endowed with Satanic cunning and determination. They have now agreed to divide spoils. How far the combination calls for cooperation in action is not yet known.

If they should actively support one another in warfare, they could overrun Europe. If they should vanquish France and England and acquire the French and English navies as spoils of war, they could overrun Asia and Africa and possibly America. They might overrun Continental Asia, even without these fleets.

One has been openly committed to the spread of Communism throughout the world. The other, like a megalomaniac, develops, or at least reveals, enlarged plans as he proceeds. There is, of course, the possibility of their falling out. A conflict between them might be the salvation of the rest of the world; but meanwhile, and supposing active cooperation between them, what are the prospects for religion and civilization? In such circumstances what should Christians do or think of doing?

Helena, Mont.

INQUIRER

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE CLEANERS, ROLLED-SLEEVE BRIGADE

ANNE RUSH RILEY

ONE custom still obtaining in rural parishes has long since disappeared from the cities. (Sometimes, forgive the platitude, Progress is a Juggernaut.)

Included in the city pastor's budget is the salary of the janitor. No such provision is made for our country parishes. "Let the women do the work. . . ."; and we love it.

Altar society, study clubs, sodalities bring out our parishioners in goodly numbers; but for spontaneous good nature, concentration and wholehearted cooperation Church Cleaning Day is tops.

Myself, I love the excuse to leave the breakfast dishes "as is," call a gay "G'bye, family, I'm on the cleaning shift today," and sally forth with cleaning tools (my favorite duster) and hot water, determined to drop all domestic responsibilities and give a few hours to my church.

There are no class distinctions in the cleaning brigade. The wives of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker are on the job. The chronic complainer forgets her ills for the day and dons working clothes. The wives of the Pillars ask no release; they know the work has to be done. The little spinster who at all other times is mute and retiring seems suddenly to acquire a social complex.

No matter how early I reach the church, the doors are wide open and some other woman has preceded me. This failure to be first always irks me slightly. I like to enter alone and feel the solemn stillness envelop me like a cloak against the chill of discouragement. I want to kneel alone under the glow of the sanctuary lamp and plead my cause with the Prisoner behind the little gold door—the Prisoner who so long ago invited "Come unto Me!" But this private interview is often denied me.

In the days before our parish boasted a school, and nuns to conduct it, everything had to be done by the women. This meant of course that the one who took over the sanctuary had to climb up to remove candlesticks and statues and clean them before they went back on a shining altar. She had to penetrate the myriad crevices of ornate carving for elusive dust and lint particles. She had to see that all the sanctuary chairs, the *priedieu*, the "poor box" were left immaculate.

Now the good sisters have assumed this com-

plicated task, to our great relief. But, woe is me. The poor dear souls will decorate with artificial blossoms which, no matter how deftly formed and tinted, are an affront to the Creator Who makes the "lilies of the field," the "primrose by the river's brim." The sacristies, the choir-loft and the body of the church are still our responsibilities.

As reverent Catholics we maintain a strict silence inside the church; but when one of us has occasion to go outside for an extra tool or shake a dustcloth, immediately the lid is off. A moment's hurried chatter, maybe a sudden laugh, seems to renew our energies for further efforts.

Usually there is a band leader or other officer of the altar society to "boss" the job. This makes for efficiency and speed. But if no one feels like taking the lead, each of us chooses her favorite stint. Being light and agile, I do the climbing or wield a long-handled wall cleaner which reaches the tops of the stations, the casing over the windows and other places difficult of access.

After we have made things shine and there is no other excuse for loitering, those of us who sing (belonging to the choir has been a lifetime habit with me) go up to the choir loft and sing a hymn, my choice always being one of those taught me in my childhood by the Sisters of Mercy.

Has one reached her second childhood when she revels in the now obsolete practices which in her grade school days she acquired from the teaching Sisterhoods? I hope not. Recently a house guest mentioned to me how, as a child, she had loved the hymn, *O Jesus, Jesus Dearest Lord* (we had sung it at Mass that morning) even though she was always mystified by the words, "My transports to control."

But back to my cleaning. While the other women have been digging away at their tasks, possibly wondering if Mary will remember to get the potatoes on in time, or Ellen will forget to take the pie out of the oven, my own thoughts race hither and yon, making me forget to genuflect.

Always it has seemed to me a privilege to clean the House of God. Especially strong is this feeling since the day "Aunt Kate" contributed her last quota to the task. She was working with the rest of us, cheerfully as usual, when suddenly she called to her daughter: "Take me home." In a few hours she was dead. It seemed to us who spent that last day with Aunt Kate in church that God chose to take her while she was engaged in His intimate service. From the church she loved to the Home He has prepared for her must have been a very short journey.

Church Cleaning Day is field day with us. Soon however we cleaners shall be physically unable to qualify. Will our children accept this responsibility as a bequest, or shun it as a nuisance?

THE GADABOUT LOOKS AT CHRISTMAS CARDS

MARY E. McLAUGHLIN

BEING a fanatic on the subject of Christmas cards, I have already spent hours, since Labor Day, examining the 1939 offerings, and I am now ready to give the Catholic Cash and Carry Customers (numbering hundreds of thousands) the benefit of my research.

I found one very startling innovation, so startling that at first I believed I had wandered among the valentines or Mother's Day cards. The great novelty of 1939, I would say, is the scarcity of Scotties. Those of you who can go back in fancy to 1937 will remember that in that banner year Christmas and Scotties were practically synonymous! In 1938 I noticed a waning popularity, and in 1939 their absence can really be felt. This will grieve some dog lovers and they may have to stop to try to remember just what this Christmas is supposed to celebrate. It seemed to me, and I try to be unprejudiced, that the ship-lovers are the gainers and many and beautiful are the full-rigged sail boats commemorating Christmas, in calm and in turbulent waters.

The Venetian Canals I found this season delightfully colorful while the Currier and Ives prints seem quite authentic. The House of Parliament is as British as of yore; and what would we do without Paris—good old Left Bank with its bookstalls! The Hollywood line is something that is not to be missed, so don't wait too long or you may lose out on a fine "Whistler's Mother" or a cheery "Hi Toots!" both overflowing with the Nativity spirit.

The conservative houses, not to be outsold by any Cubist angles, are holding fast to their ancient ideas of Christmas: a poinsettia; a candle; an open fireplace; some reindeer; a snow-covered farmhouse in New England (because, perhaps, New England tried to banish Christmas?), all eloquent reminders of the greatest night in human history. Those standard, egotistic family groups are still being shown resembling nothing so much as the photographs of the family that seems to win the Irish Sweepstakes: Mamma and Papa Zilch, five Zilches of assorted sex and then little Fido Zilch, every last one an inspiring reminder to the recipient of the supernal beauty of Christmas.

I must not forget to tell you of the religious cards, a sop to the pious. The Flight into Egypt is pictured in innumerable ways, with or without Pyramids; The Sistine Madonna and the Madonna of the Chair are not forgotten; and either Rheims or Notre Dame Cathedral may be had by the architecturally inclined. "Certainly those tiresome Catholics cannot complain now," I can hear the manufacturers saying.

As to verses "little said easy mended"—but a

line of *Holy Night* or *Hark the Herald Angels* did appear rather frequently and Phillips Brooks and Margaret Tarent do their bit. And thousands of Catholic purchasers are again slighted, and seem to like it, by a version of the angels' song, not their own, and gladly buy cards with the greeting of Good Will to Men when their authorized Scriptures give the song of the angels as:

Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth
Peace to Men of Good Will.

IN SEARCH OF IGNATIUS

WE rather took it for granted, on arriving in Paris that in a veritable city of shrines it would be an easy matter to seek out the spot where Saint Ignatius made the solemn agreement with his companions which started the Society of Jesus on its great adventure. So we made our way more or less constructively toward Montmartre, for we had a dim recollection of a legend or two in connection with the hill of Martyrs.

At Sacré Coeur in Montmartre a guide considered our question with an air of obvious and genuine puzzlement. *Ignace Loyola?* Who was *Ignace Loyola?* Neither his English nor our French was equal to the task of compressing the life of Ignatius into anything really decipherable, but the word "Jesuit" seemed to light a spark somewhere. Suddenly he was quite positive. Ah, yes, what we wanted was not Montmartre but Montparnasse.

A few evenings later we were at *La Coupole*, the principal night-club in Montparnasse, with some actors from the Vieux Colombier and we pursued the question once again. Was it Montparnasse and if so where? A chorus of hilarious shouts assured us that it could not have been Montparnasse, for while Montparnasse has seen many strange characters, it has never been a rendezvous for Jesuits.

Gradually the question became an obsession with us. Whenever we met a Catholic, we would repeat our inquiry with astonishing results. The opinion was advanced in some quarters that perhaps it was not Paris at all. Perhaps the whole French episode was a mere legend!

It would be pleasant to report that it was Ignatius who finally straightened us out. But it was not. It was a charming newspaper woman from Vienna, who suggested quite simply: why not ask a Jesuit?

Voilà! And so it was done. A telephone call from the reporter to a Jesuit definitely established that we were in the right city. *Certainement.* But where in Paris? Ah, as to that, one would have to go to the books! In our breathless last half hour in Paris, thanks to Père Jalabert, S.J., editor of *Etudes*, we found the spot. Tucked away inside a convent at 9 Rue Antoinette, considerably down the hill, is a simple chapel which marks the spot where many great saints prayed.

Flying over from Paris to London a few minutes later, we tried to figure it all out. Why was the chapel of Ignatius so hard to find?

Maybe Ignatius knows best. EMMET LAVERY

THE CHILD TO FRANCIS

My singing Poverello, I deign to rest
Within your arms, against your love-filled breast,
My "Word-made-flesh" Hands clasping tenderly
Your hands ringed and jeweled in poverty.

See! how your hands and Mine,
Your Maker's and yours together twine:
Love-clasped, life-giving, grace-filled,
Sinner-seeking hands that build
Saints of sinners and yet saintlier saints,
Tinting and shading with immortal paints.

Your hands, Francis, fashioned after Mine
Like them shall bear with love divine
(As bears some celestial flower vender)
My wound-roses, poignantly tender.

SISTER M. FRANCIS GABRIEL

HOUSE WIFE

My wash yields the scent
Of rain in the night,
With day redolent,
Wind-blown and bright.

My wash is all dry.
Each snowy piece
Plucked from the sky,
Pure as cloud fleece.

Then into dark drawers,
These fragments of day,
Where out of them pours
God's own sachet.

BRIDGET McNAMARA

NO HARVEST

Gethsemanes and Calvaries of the mind
Have torn to bleeding, head and hands and side
And bound me fast whom only love could bind.
Suppose by Time I have been crucified?

Life's gentle hands are still about my waist,
And it is ecstasy to live; to hear
The wherefore God can never be in haste,
The reason things are not what they appear!
As hungry as the eyes of modern youth,
As keen as Atalanta on the track,
I starve upon a diet of the truth:
Have, yet have not, the only good I lack.
The endlessness of nights from Love away
When one alone can turn a lover gray.

SISTER MIRIAM

RIME OF RETROSPECTION

Had we known then the years that lay ahead
There were so many things we would have said.
I should have told you that your soft brown hair
Gave you a crown and diademed your head.
But we felt then that Time was free from care.
He had put up his scythe and gone to bed,
And draped his long white gown across his chair.
All days were Sunday afternoon and fair;
Death's reaper had been locked up in his shed,
—And yet, he bought a new one in its stead,
And learned to run it here and everywhere.
Since then, the careless hours we knew have fled
And you, and dreams, and part of me lie dead.

WALTER M. BASTIAN

KATERI TEKAKWITHA

Where earth goes to water,
The dark young birches cower—
Yet brown and dapple, daughter,
No silver now.

Down, down the white trees, felted
Now fast into the strand,
And the sun's green leaf-gold, melted,
Becomes thin sand.

Look! One sapling thrusts its arm, now paling fawn,
Out of the coal bed, Tekakwitha, into the new blue dawn.

WALTER J. ONG

TROPICAL FISH

A tank through which you glide and gleam
Is all you know of lake or stream.
How limited your world! Your sky
Might be a person passing by.
You dart across a bed of sand
Arranged and measured out by hand.
Your vegetation, water-grass
Within horizons made of glass.

Yet here is mating, here is birth
As actual as on our earth.
Ecstatic motion, hunger, fear,
The elemental things are here.
For space is boundless after all,
And never is a place too small
To entertain, where there is breath,
The vast experience of death.

GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT

BOOKS

A BOSWELL IN WASHINGTON

AFTER SEVEN YEARS. By Raymond Moley. Harper and Bros. \$3

THROUGHOUT the country people have been eagerly reading the author's articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Now they have appeared within covers, and Mr. Roosevelt has found a most unwelcome Boswell. In the book both men stand revealed: the President as of a charming personality, yet resentful of criticism, vacillating in policy and with a growing egotism that prompted him, according to Mr. Moley, to remark in 1936: "There is one issue in his campaign. It's myself, and people must be either for me or against me." Mr. Moley also reveals himself. The loyal friend and confidant of the President, he became number one brain-truster; and yet, he writes this book, telling the country what was said and done behind the scenes by the man who trusted him.

The author's rôle in the drama has a touch of epic grandeur which is not lost in the telling. He helped to compose the President's speeches; he suggested men for key positions and supplied ideas; he acted as guide and mentor in the framing of policies; and when his influence waned and his advice was seldom sought and more often rejected, there came the gradual parting of the ways and at last he chanted his *Nunc Dimittis*. As an author, Mr. Moley is no Macaulay. He is too careful of fact, too coldly objective, too much a scholar to descend to the exaggerations of the journalesque. Yet, his history is realistic, vivid, dramatic.

Perhaps it is the reader's intense curiosity that heightens these effects, for the book is as timely here in the United States as the British Blue Book is in London. Today everybody wants to know the mind and inner thoughts of the President on the question of the part we are to play in the war, on a third term, and on other matters vital to the individual and to the nation. Still more, when the alliterative words, "cash and carry," are on every lip, one is doubly anxious to discover the attitude of the Roosevelt Administration on the vexed subject of neutrality. Of this Mr. Moley writes:

The promise implicit in all Roosevelt's moves—the promise in which he assuredly believes with all his heart—is that we can prevent or shorten war by active intervention in European affairs and still keep out of war ourselves. Unfortunately, it is a promise no living human being can guarantee. You cannot frankly give to one side in a quarrel what you withhold from the other side without courting, first reprisals and, ultimately, hostilities. There is no such thing as a little unneutrality.

Two strong natures clashed and parted. One wrote a book. You will judge it for yourself.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

SHATTERED DREAMS FOR AN AUSTRIAN RESTORATION

IMPERIAL TWILIGHT. By Bertita Harding. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.50

SHORTLY before his death, Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria-Hungary said to one of his ministers: "I'll look on at this war for another three months, and then I'll put an end to it." He died on November 21, 1916. The

KENEDY FALL BOOKS

At All Catholic Bookstores

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Archduke Karl, twenty-nine years old, shy, chivalrous and inexperienced, succeeded him. In his very first manifesto he promised his peoples to do all in his power to end the horrors and sacrifices of war at the earliest possible moment. Circumstances, however, conspired against him.

He first tried to consolidate his imperiled realm, but his acceptance of the Hungarian crown alienated Austro-German and Slav subjects. He protested in vain against the unlimited application of submarine warfare. When America entered the conflict, the French not only rejected his peace offer but published the secret peace correspondence. Karl was denounced as a traitor and a champion of duplicity. Following the armistice, the Hapsburg realm, as the author remarks, was cut up at Versailles peace tables to serve as much needed booty for those lesser members of the victorious alliance who, unlike England and France, would not have first choice in the distribution of the spoils. Inspired by Zita, Karl made two amateurish, timid, quixotic attempts to regain the Hungarian throne. Horthy easily outwitted him each time.

His devoted, ambitious and iron-willed wife, the Empress Zita, knew the utmost extremes of melodrama. Rising to a throne at twenty-four, she became an exile at twenty-seven, a penniless widow at thirty—with eight children to feed, clothe and educate. She was befriended for a time by Alfonso of Spain, retiring to Belgium when the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera was suspended. For many months she hoped for a restoration of the Hapsburg monarchy in the person of Otto, her eldest son. An unknown and underfed artisan out of shipwrecked Austria—Adolf Hitler was his name—shattered her last and fondest dream.

Mrs. Harding is well known for her dual biographies of Maximilian and Carlotta of Mexico, and Franz Joseph and Elizabeth of Austria. In this sympathetic, dramatic story of the last of the Hapsburgs, she draws heavily upon her vivid imagination when the historical records are silent. Perhaps, the major defect in the book is the absence of a sense of time which leads her into several minor contradictions. There are thirty-two illustrations and a good index. JOHN J. O'CONNOR

WHIG ARISTOCRACY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE YOUNG MELBOURNE. By David Cecil. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3

THIS is the story of William Lamb, afterwards second Viscount Melbourne, and of his marriage with Caroline Lamb. It is not only a study of the persons involved, it is a devastating presentation of the state of Whig aristocracy in the early nineteenth century. Lord David Cecil is a painstaking scholar. He is also the possessor of a prose style as nearly perfect as one could hope for. If anyone thinks that the English language, when well managed, is not a most beautiful language, such a passage as this from Lord David Cecil will give him pause. He says of his subject:

It was not just that he was cleverer than his brothers and sisters: but his intelligence worked on different lines, imaginative, disinterested, questioning. It enjoyed thought for its own sake, it was given to curious speculations, that had no reference to practical results. He could absorb himself in points of pure scholarship, sit up for hours studying history and poetry. Along with this cast of mind went a vein of acute sensibility. Affection was necessary to him, he loathed to give pain, he responded with swift sympathy to the appeal of the noble and the delicate. At his first school, he would sit gazing out of the window at the laborers at work in the placid Hertfordshire landscape, and long to be one of them. And though this came no doubt

from a normal dislike of lessons, it was in keeping with an inborn appreciation of the charm of innocence and the pleasures of contemplation. Across the substantial, clear-colored fabric of the man of the world were discernible incongruous streaks of the philosopher and the romantic.

I do not see how it is humanly possible to say a thing better than this.

Where Lord David Cecil is deficient, if deficiencies must be found in him, is in his interpretation. I shall never believe that Caroline Lamb was quite as sinister as the author makes her out to be. There are many places in the book where she could be interpreted in a more favorable light, with a less eager nose for "spice." The same is true of the author's picture of Byron. There must have been some goodness left in an aristocratic lady and in a great poet, which even the sourness of Whig culture could not destroy, and which Christ will have discovered already in the Particular Judgment of each.

LEONARD FEENEY

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

HENRY GEORGE. *By Albert Jay Nock. William Morrow and Co. \$2.50*

TO commemorate the centenary of Henry George, Mr. Nock has produced a critical essay. In a style that is fluent and flashy the author cleverly reconstructs the dire circumstances of his subject's education, his ventures at printing and before the mast, his economic and political struggles, and the various factors which influenced George's writings. The presentation of these aspects is quite striking. Again the author does well to insist on the recurring clash of George's philosophical instinct with popularist urges which plagued him through life, and on the admixture of heroism and folly. Finally, the eloquent tribute paid to the character and sincerity of the man seems merited.

In view of these comments it may surprise the reader to find Mr. Nock's critical powers numbed when he comes to discuss the writings of George. He regards these works as unimpugned through the years, of the greatest permanent value, as magnificent achievements in social philosophy. This devotion is singular and, in the eyes of most of the world, unwarranted. Were we to pass over objections to George's doctrines on land ownership—doctrines impugned these many years in many Ethics text-books—strong objections would still bulk large on economic grounds against his system of appropriating all economic rent by taxes. Mr. Nock's complete acceptance of George's doctrines, therefore, mars an otherwise creditable essay. R. F. X. CAHILL

ALL THE TOMORROWS. *By Naomi Lane Babson. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50*

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Hong Kong, the younger daughter, Jade, turns her back upon both Chinese and foreign culture and joins the Communist army in the north. Mrs. Babson's description of the killing of Jade's daughter by Japanese airmen is one of the most delicately sympathetic pictures of a death scene since Dickens' death of Mrs. Dombey. The whole is an engrossing tale, entertaining, lively, and varied, but lacking depth and significance.

PAUL L. O'CONNOR

NORTH TO ADVENTURE. By Sydney R. Montague. Robert M. McBride and Co. \$2

WHEN the Royal Canadian Mounted Police send two men—and only volunteers—on patrol and exploration duty near the Arctic Circle, unforeseen adventure is bound to be part of the daily menu. It was, and this book is the record of one of the Mounties. The near tragedies, the half tragedies, and the varied experiences are very strange because they are very real. They are told simply, but they need no dramatization.

The book is not wholly adventure, for in many places it becomes, inadvertently, an interesting study of the Eskimo. The author, about twenty-two when he knew them, is deeply impressed by the Inuit Eskimo, by their simple philosophy of life (which he quite wrongly thinks would be an improvement on the "white man's" complex moral code), by their ingenuity and resourcefulness, and by their closeness to nature. It makes one want to know more about the hardy Mongolians of the North, whose race knows no disease, but who hardly survive their fiftieth year.

J. VINCENT WATSON

THE LITURGICAL ALTAR. By Geoffrey Webb. Benziger Brothers. \$1.50

AN altar is a structure upon which is offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. As such it is liturgical, and if it is not liturgical it is not an altar. And that ought to dispose of the tautology, liturgical altar.

Notwithstanding, Mr. Webb has done a remarkably fine piece of work, very choicely illustrated, and with a handy index. Not, be it noted, a technical handbook understandable only by the clergy. But a treatise on the altar, gathered from history and from rubrics, that will interest the laity quite as much as the clergy.

Although Mr. Webb's book is mainly about the altar, it might very well serve as an introduction to liturgical study. The subject is handled in an attractive style, which will commend it to the general reader.

HENRY WATTS

ESCAPE. By Ethel Vance. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50
NAZI spies had learned that Emmy Ritter, a leading actress first in Germany and then in the United States, was an agent for distributing literature against the Nazis. With funds running low Mrs. Ritter undertook to sell a house she still owned in Germany, and she was lured to Germany for the sale. There she was arrested and condemned for treason. At the opening of the story, with the day of execution only a week away, she is in the prison hospital recovering from a serious operation. In his boyhood days the prison doctor had adored her from afar as the queen of the German stage and the memory of her had lived on with him as a sort of ideal. An old family servant lives near the prison, but he is poor and under suspicion for having testified in her defense at the trial. Her son is in New York and gets news of her plight only after the trial. With the unwilling help of an American-born countess who is now the mistress of a Nazi General, the escape is carried out in romantic style.

The adventurous parts are highly interesting, but the characters are too shallow or too vicious to win admiration. Particularly offensive is the old device of making the immoral countess display heroic courage and generosity, and the exclusion of all religious belief from Mrs. Ritter, a Catholic, who has long since abandoned the Faith and who after her escape advances no farther than a doubtful surrender of her idea that death brings annihilation.

WILLIAM A. DOWD

ART

AS this column is written, there has opened at the Tricker Galleries in New York an exhibition of ecclesiastical art. It is to close on October 14. Some of the readers of these paragraphs may have visited the show. I think such a visit was well worth the time, if only for the negative effect it may have.

In recent years in New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco, there have been a number of exhibitions of ecclesiastical art. Their existence, at least, shows that there is increasing interest in this field of endeavor, and that is encouraging. I am afraid that the quality of the objects shown at the present exhibition is not so encouraging. I remember very well helping to assemble an exhibition of this kind for the Liturgical Arts Society about five years ago. It was the general feeling of those concerned that the resulting exhibit reached a fairly high level in that it included nothing positively bad, and all of us hoped that our exhibit would prove a jumping-off place from which progress would be made. We realized that most of what we were showing the public was academic in the bad sense of the term—lifeless, imitative. It came as a great disappointment to find that what the Tricker Gallery had assembled together was in large part of the same quality as what we had gathered four or five years ago.

It cannot too often be reiterated that such work is infinitely better than much that we see in our churches. It is honest, in an elementary sort of way; it represents painstaking craftsmanship and devotion to art. But most of it seems still to be dead and to be based on the glories of the past rather than the hope of the future. Of course, some of the objects shown have very little pretension. An excellent altar, carefully designed to fit the legislation of the Church, is exhibited by Rambusch. We should be grateful that once again the public has an opportunity to see at close hand what a truly Catholic altar is like. There are also some photographs of what are probably very fine things executed by the Monterey Guild in California. But it is terribly hard to judge from photographs, and one cannot help expressing a regret that the Guild could not send the originals.

As for the rest of the show, it is only charitable to say very little. There is an excellently fresh piece of stained glass representing the Crucifixion, by Wilbur Herbert Burnham, of Boston. There is an interesting technical experiment which holds some promise for the future in this same medium by Rambusch. There are interesting projects for a mural decoration and one or two nice pieces of woodcarving by a new young artist, Gino Conti. There are some lovely enamels by Kenneth Francis Bates. And there is a very nice crèche in ceramics by Chester Nicodemus. When I have said this much, I am afraid I have said everything that I can say. The rest of the work shown is well intentioned, technically well executed, and in every sense of the word unobjectionable.

I should like to add one word of suggestion. It seems to me too bad that those managing the show should have seen fit to hang a great number of architectural drawings made from celebrated European churches on their walls. This is to perpetuate the idea from which we have been suffering so long—that only in the past was it possible to do ecclesiastical work of the highest quality. It would be possible to do it today if we applied the same intelligence and power of will to this matter as we apply to commercial and secular pursuits. Certain living individuals have done work which in my opinion is fully as good as much of that done in the Middle Ages. Let us think of ecclesiastical art as a living thing and not as something which existed in the thirteenth century and before, but which today is of little consequence.

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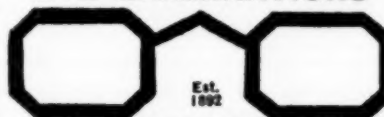
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THEATRE

SEE MY LAWYER. Young Ezra Stone has had a spectacular career. Starting in several years ago, and not yet quite twenty-one, he carried brilliantly for three seasons the leading rôle of the misplaced school boy in George Abbott's production of *What a Life*.

What I like about Mr. Stone, next to his excellent acting, is his ambition. Almost any other lad in his place, making a spectacular success of his first real opportunity on the stage, would have settled back into a contented smugness and let producers run after him. Not so young Ezra. He was not content to be a boy wonder and a young star with his name in electric lights on Broadway. He was dreaming dreams, dreams of being first a director and then, probably, of himself as a producer. In the meantime he worked hard and studied Mr. Abbott's methods. His dreams are now coming true, for Mr. Stone has proved himself an apt pupil of his distinguished chief. He has just done his first job as a director in connection with Mr. Abbott's first production of this season, *See My Lawyer*, now comfortably established at the Biltmore Theatre.

The offering, written by Richard Mahlbaum and Harry Clork, is a farce, and it may be said at once that in itself it is nothing to throw up one's hat over. It runs true to the rule of three, made for farces, and its actors work so hard for continuous laughs that their brows are dewy with perspiration at the end of every act.

But it must be admitted in honesty that they get the laughs, and get them largely through the efforts of the company's comedians, Teddy Hart, Milton Berle, Millard Mitchell, Robert Carlin and Eddie Nugent, and the deftness, swiftness and originality of young Stone's direction.

See My Lawyer has, inevitably, some of the rawness and vulgarities with which producers of farce are convinced that all farces must be garnished; but it does not specialize in these. They are casually tossed in. The farce's basic humor turns on the efforts of a firm of four impecunious young lawyers to capitalize on their one rich client, a millionaire who is eccentric but not eccentric enough to throw money away these days. Broadway gossips tell us this character was drawn from life and is recognizable by the sophisticated. He meant nothing to me but an amiable stage idiot who has so much financial acumen under his idiocy that the fun of the entire third act lies in the law firm's desperate efforts to break its contract with him. Eddie Nugent has this rôle and works with less effect of severe nervous strain than most of his associates, who are determined to make the audience laugh if they drop dead doing it.

The plot gets away from them at times, as it also got away from the author. There is something in it about an accident in which the millionaire's brother is involved, and about the firm's accepting a contract instead of damages, and about their efforts to get the better of the millionaire, and about a dozen other matters.

See My Lawyer does not offer many chances of distinction to the ladies, but Mary Rolfe has what there are and rises to them pleasantly. All in all the company playing *See My Lawyer* is much superior to the material given it to work with; and Ezra Stone's painstaking study of Mr. Abbott's directing methods has not been in vain. We shall hear of him as a producer-director one of these days—in a better vehicle, I hope. In the meantime a great many earnest citizens who like farce and long to laugh, and who have not much opportunity to laugh at the theatre these days, will have a restful evening watching the actors and the antics in the season's first farce.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

JAMAICA INN. Daphne du Maurier's breath-taking novel about piratical wreckers on the Cornish coast during the last century has been filmed with a kind of brutal artistry. Alfred Hitchcock's direction alternates passages of sinister calm with vigorous forays, employing the genius for creating suspense, which is his trademark in the films. He makes up the loss of the book's chief surprise, the withdrawal of the vicious vicar being made in favor of an insane squire, by permitting us to watch the mystery unfold before the innocents of the picture with full knowledge. A young Irish girl, come to live with her aunt at disreputable Jamaica Inn, finds herself in the hands of cutthroats who prosper on the spoils of ships they have lured into the rocks. Together with an English naval officer detailed to spy on the ring, she upsets the plans of the *bon vivant* squire who is the secret leader of the wreckers, and, having been kidnaped by him, watches the mad cavalier plunge to his death from a masthead when cornered by the soldiery. It is a fulsome yarn, taking time out from its terrors to comment on left-over courtiers and family loyalty, and Hitchcock has restored by suggestive characterization any horror that may have been lost by the screen's milder realization of the persons in the novel. Charles Laughton gives a masterly reading of the complex Squire Pengallen, and Maureen O'Hara, Leslie Banks and Emlyn Williams are excellent in support. As unusual in locale and thrilling in action, this is *superior melodrama for adults*. (Paramount)

INTERMEZZO. This is a problem picture in the Continental manner, done with a good deal of technical skill as to direction, acting and staging, but requiring, for full effect, certain predispositions on the part of the audience. It moves with the slowness of a character study and interests by its spiritual progress rather than by those completely externalized actions which make up ordinary films. A concert violinist falls in love with a young pianist and is impelled to give up his wife and family for her when an accident to his daughter brings him back to reality. The story is as simple as that, and as old, but under Gregory Ratoff's direction, it makes its points in an intelligent and restrained fashion. Leslie Howard, Ingrid Bergman and Edna Best play out the triangle with a quiet effectiveness which is concealed art. This is *adult entertainment of high order*. (United Artists)

RIO. The heavy melodramatics which make up this film are made plausible only by the sustained effort of the cast to present themselves as human beings and not stock types. It is the tale of a French financier whose invisible empire collapses with a thud that lands him in a jungle penal colony. He escapes to Rio only to find his bride in love, albeit reluctantly, with an American. In a scuffle following the discovery he is wounded and carried by his trusted friend into a hail of police bullets. John Brahm has not lightened the piece at all and there are times, in spite of the good work of Basil Rathbone, Victor McLaglen and Sigrid Gurie, when the affair becomes reminiscent and tiresome. It concerns itself with *adult problems without achieving either an adult solution or an entertainment success*. (Universal)

HERE I AM A STRANGER. The decision of a son between a remarried mother's wealth and a regenerated father's affection is made in an obvious, sentimental way by Richard Greene in this weak drama, and Roy Del Ruth has made too little of a bright cast and a comic background to redeem the *triteness of an adult film*. Richard Dix and Roland Young are adequate. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

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EVENTS

IF genuine sports were more widespread in Central and Eastern Europe, perhaps Russia instead of concentrating on the Estonian naval bases might be devoting more thought to the bases on a baseball diamond. The news might then be so different—mayhap something like this:

Moscow, October 1, 1939. The Moscow Reds yesterday defeated the Tallinn Cards and clinched the Baltic League pennant. Molotov was nicked for twenty-eight hits but kept them scattered, permitting not more than four in any one inning. Through the entire game he yielded only eight homers. Moscow is literally delirious over its first pennant since the days of Ivan the Terrible. All last night the Kremlin was illuminated while throngs of joyous fans swarmed through the downtown sections, playfully exploding bombs and shooting off anti-aircraft batteries to express their gratification. The old saying: "Moscow's a great ball town," was never so completely demonstrated. . . . The Wilhelmstrasse Yankees, champions of the Balkan League, are due to arrive tomorrow for the World Series opening. Manager Addie Hitler announced he will pitch Bill Goering in the first game, with Dizzy Goebbels and Lefty von Ribbentrop kept close to the bull pen in the event Goering, who is bringing twenty uniforms along, should tire. Josef Dimaglovitch is scheduled to hurl for Moscow, with Fire-ball Troyanovsky and Bonehead Kaganovich ready for relief work. . . . Ration cards for the World's Series tickets were issued this morning. Manager McCarthyovitch of the Moscow Club announced a Five Year Plan for winning pennants. Special trains are bringing in thousands of kulaks from all over Russia for the series. Proletarians, kulaks, collectivists, unliquidated reactionaries, advanced thinkers, Freudians, all dressed in their native costumes, are rubbing shoulders in Moscow thoroughfares, forgetful of their ideological differences in the wild joy unloosed by the only World Series for Muscovites since that distant day when Ivan the Terrible threw out the ball for the first series in Cossack Stadium. . . . Umpires for the series, as announced by the Commissariat for Heavy Industry, included Billovitch Klemski, Patsky Moriarityov, Von Brauschisch, and Von Dooley. . . .

Moscow, October 15, 1939. Sleepy Joe Stalin, head coach of the University of Tiflis Crimson Wave football team, led his men to victory yesterday over the Horned Hoptoads from the University of Dgxxgb of Bessarabia, regarded as one of the strongest teams in the Balkan Ivy League Conference. A sophomore, Pretzylbümmer, now in his fourth year at Dgxxgb, starred for the Horned Hoptoads. Time after time he tore into the Crimson Wave line for two and three yard gains. Once he broke into the clear, ran down the field for seven yards before being stopped. The half ended in a scoreless tie. Addressing his men during the intermission, Sleepy Joe urged them to go in and die for dear, old Tiflis, revealed that the alumni had threatened a purge if the team lost. Early in the second half, the unpredictable Stalin unveiled the Statue of Liberty play, never before seen in Eastern Europe, and Tiflis scored three touchdowns before the timekeeper exploded the final bombs. . . .

What a boon to the world it would be if Hitler were managing a baseball team and Stalin were devoting his time and energies to football. . . . There has been much criticism of overemphasis on sports in the United States, a great deal of it justified. But we would rather have overemphasis on sports than overemphasis on guns. American women would rather be mothers of subsidized halfbacks than Gold Star mothers of unsubsidized corpses.

THE PARADER